THE

CHOICE

OF

HERCULES.

Perſonæ.

VIRTUE.
PLEASURE.
HERCULES.

CHORUS of ATTENDANTS, &c.

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THE CHOICE of HERCULES.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

PLEASURE.

SEE *Hercules!* how ſmiles yon Myrtle plain,
Where numerous ſparkling Rills meandring glide,
'Tis there I fix my jocund Reign,
'Tis there my laughing Train reſide.
There ſmokes the Feaſt, enhanc'd by Muſic's Sound,
Fitteſt to tune the melting Soul to Love;
Rich Odours breathing choiceſt Sweets around,
The fragrant Bower, cool Fountain, ſhady Grove,
Thither thy happy Footſteps will I lead,
Freſh Flowers ſhall bind thy Brow, freſh Flowers ſhall ſtrew thy Bed.

PLEASURE. AIR.

Come, blooming Boy, with me repair
To these ambrosial Scenes of Peace;
There bid adieu to Noise and Care,
Embath'd in Bliss, and wrapt in Ease.

Attendant on PLEASURE. AIR.

There the brisk sparkling Nectar drain,
Cool'd with the purest Summer Snows;
There, tir'd with sporting on the Plain,
Beneath the Woodbine Shade repose.

There, as serene thou liest along,
Soft warbling Voices, melting Lays,
Shall sweetly pour the tender Song
To Love, or Beauty's rapt'rous Praise.

PLEASURE. AIR.

While for thy Arms that Beauty glows,
That Love awakes its purest Fire;
And to each ravish'd Sense bestows,
All that can raise or sate Desire.

Chorus of Attendants on Pleasure.

Seize, seize these Blessings, blooming Boy!
For all these Blessings are thy own.
Be hail'd the Rose-crown'd King of Joy,
And reign on Pleasure's downy Throne.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Away, miſtaken Wretch, away,
To baſer Ears go trill thy languid Lay;
Go—to thy Revels let the Fools repair;
To ſuch go ſmooth thy Speech, and ſpread thy tempting Snare.

VIRTUE. AIR.

This manly Youth's exalted Mind,
Above thy grov'ling Taſte refin'd,
Shall liſten to my awful Voice,
His Childhood in its earlieſt Riſe
Beſpoke him gen'rous, brave, and wiſe,
And Manhood ſhall confirm his Choice.

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Riſe, Youth! exalt thyſelf and me; approve
Thy high Deſcent from Heav'n, and dare be worthy *Jove.*

VIRTUE. AIR.

Go, aſſert thy Heav'nly Race;
Ev'ry Danger boldly face;
Level Pride's high-plumed Creſt,
And bravely ſuccour the Diſtreſt.

RECITATIVE.

In Peace, in War, purſue thy Country's Good,
Bare thy bold Breaſt for her, and pour thy gen'rous Blood.

Virtue, *and* Chorus *of Attendants.*

So ſhalt thou gain immortal Praiſe,
The golden Trump of Fame
Its loudeſt Notes ſhall raiſe,
And 'mid the Gods enroll thy Name.

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

Hear'ſt thou, what Dangers then thou muſt engage?
Dangers that ill befit thy tender Age;
That tender Age which was but meant to prove
The ſweet Viciſſitudes of Joy and Love.

Pleaſure *ſolo, and* Chorus *of Attendants.*

Turn thee, Youth, to Joy and Love;
Why, ah why this fond Delay?
Haſte theſe bliſsful Meads to rove;
Gentle Youth, oh! haſte away.

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

Short is my Way, fair, eaſy, ſmooth and plain:
Turn, gentle Youth, with me eternal Pleaſures reign.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

O ceaſe, enchanting Siren! ceaſe thy Song;
I dare not, muſt not join thy feſtive Throng.

HERCULES. AIR.

Yet, can I hear that Dulcet Lay,
As ſweet as flows the Honey Dew,
Can I thoſe Wilds of Joy ſurvey,
Nor wiſh to ſhare the Bliſs I view?

Attendant on PLEASURE.

" Enjoy the ſweet Eliſian Grove,
" Seat of Pleaſure, Seat of Love:
" Pleaſure that can never cloy;
" Love the Source of endleſs Joy,
" Come, come, here with Pleaſure
" Taſte in Youth life's only Joy,
" Old Age knows no leiſure
" But dull wintry Thoughts t'employ.

RECITATIVE.

O! whither, Reaſon, doſt thou fly?
Purge the ſoft Charm that faſcinates my Eye.

TER.

TERZETTO.

HERCULES, PLEASURE, VIRTUE.

Herc. *Where ſhall I go?*
Pleaſ. ——————*To yonder breezy Plain,*
There ſweetly ſwim in Pleaſure, winding Stream.
Herc. *Where ſhall I go? Where?*
Virtue. ——————*To yonder lofty Fane,*
There brightly baſk in Virtue's radiant Beam.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

VIRTUE.

Mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent!
Obey my Voice, and live:
Let thy Celeſtial Birth lift and enlarge thy Thoughts;
Behold the Way that leads to Fame,
And raiſes thee from Earth, Immortal;
Lo, I guide thy Steps, ariſe.

VIRTUE. AIR.

Mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent,
And claim thy native Skies

CHORUS.

Ariſe, mount the ſteep Aſcent,
And claim thy native Skies.

Attendants

Attendants on HERCULES.

Then Hercules, who felt within his Breaſt
Heroic Ardor, thus his Mind expreſs'd,

AIR.

My Soul now feels a genial Flame,
Which from Immortal Jove proceeds,
It animates my vital Frame,
To imitate his mighty Deeds:
No Dangers will I ſhun,
A glorious Courſe to run.
So ſhall I reach Olympus high,
And Glory gain that ne'er ſhall die.

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

The Sounds breathe Fire Celeſtial, and impart
Immortal Vigour to my glowing Heart.

AIR.

Lead, Goddeſs, lead the Way:
Thy awful Power, ſupremely wiſe,
Shall guide me with its ſacred Ray
To yonder lucid Skies;
Shall lift me to the bleſt Abode,
Crown'd with immortal Youth, among the Gods a God.

Chorus of *Virtue's* Attendants.

Virtue *will place thee in that blest Abode,*
Crown'd with immortal Youth, among the Gods a God.

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